



THE  
VICEROY:  
A  
POEM.



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THE  
V I C E R O Y:  
A  
P O E M.

ADDRESSED TO THE  
*K Montagu*  
E A R L O F H A L I F A X.



L O N D O N:

Printed for H. PAYNE and W. CROPLEY, at Dryden's-Head,  
in Pater-noster Row.

M D C C L X I I.



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THE  
VICTORY

P.O. E.M.

ADDRESSED TO THE

EARL OF HALIFAX



LONDON

Printed by H. Parker, at the Press of the Earl of Halifax



MDCCLXXII



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following Resolution of the Irish House of Commons respecting the Revenue of the Lord Lieutenant, and his Excellency's Speech in consequence thereof, will both illustrate this Poem and shew the Occasion of it.

*Copy of a Resolution of the Irish Parliament, respecting  
the Revenue of the Lord Lieutenant.*

*Veneris, 26 Feb. 1762.*

“ Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, That an address be presented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, that

B

he

he will represent to his Majesty the sense of this House, that the entertainments and appointments of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland are become inadequate to the dignity of that high office, and to the expence with which it is, and ought to be supported; and that it is the humble desire of this House, that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant such an augmentation to the entertainment of the Lord Lieutenant for the time being, as, with the present allowances, will in the whole amount to the annual sum of Sixteen Thousand Pounds. And to express that satisfaction which we feel at the pleasing hope, that this just and necessary augmentation should take place during the administration of a Chief Governor, whose many great and amiable qualities, whose wise and happy administration in the government of this kingdom

kingdom, have universally endeared him to the people of Ireland."

E. STERLING, }  
H. ALCOCK, } *Cler. Dom. Com.*

*Copy of the Answer of the Lord Lieutenant to the Address  
of the House of Commons, Feb. 27, 1762.*

" I Shall take the first opportunity of laying before his Majesty the sense of the House of Commons contained in this Address. I enter fully into the truly liberal motives which have influenced your conduct in this unanimous resolution. That you are sollicitous not only  
to



to support his Majesty's government; but to support it with becoming grandeur and magnificence, reflects the highest honour on yourselves; that you have chosen the time of my administration; that you have distinguished my person as the object of your favour, reflects the highest credit on me; and I must ever consider this event as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. Whatever merit you ascribe to me in the government of this kingdom, in reality arises from your own conduct, though your partiality would transfer it to mine. Your unanimity has first created this merit, and your liberality would now reward it.

“ I am sensible of the obligation you confer; and I can in no way properly demonstrate my sense of it, but  
by

by being, as I am, unalterably determined to implore his Majesty, that I may be permitted to enjoy it pure and unmixed with the lucrative advantages, which you propose should attend it. This affectionate address is intended as an honour to me; that intention has, on your part, been fully answered: to make it truly honourable, something is still necessary on mine: It becomes me to vie with the generosity of parliament, and to keep up an emulation of sentiment. It has been my duty, in the course of this session, to propose large plans of public expence, and to promise an attention to public œconomy; and I could not without pain submit, that the establishment, already burthened at my recommendation, should be still further charged for my own particular profit.

C

“ But



“ But while I consider myself at liberty to sacrifice my private interests to my private feelings, I must consider myself as bound likewise to consult, in compliance with your enlarged and liberal sentiments, the future support of the station in which I am placed, to the dignity of which the emoluments are, as you represent them, inadequate. I shall transmit therefore the sense of the House of Commons, that the augmentation which your generosity has proposed, may, if his Majesty shall think fit, be made to the establishment of my successor, when he shall enter on the government of this kingdom; and when it is probable the circumstances of this country may be better able to support such additional burthen. But while I must decline accepting any part of the profits, I rejoice to charge myself with the whole of the obligation: Abundantly happy, if, when



I shall hereafter be removed from this high, and, through your favour, desirable situation, I should leave it, through your liberality, augmented in its emoluments, and by my inability not diminished in its reputation."



THE

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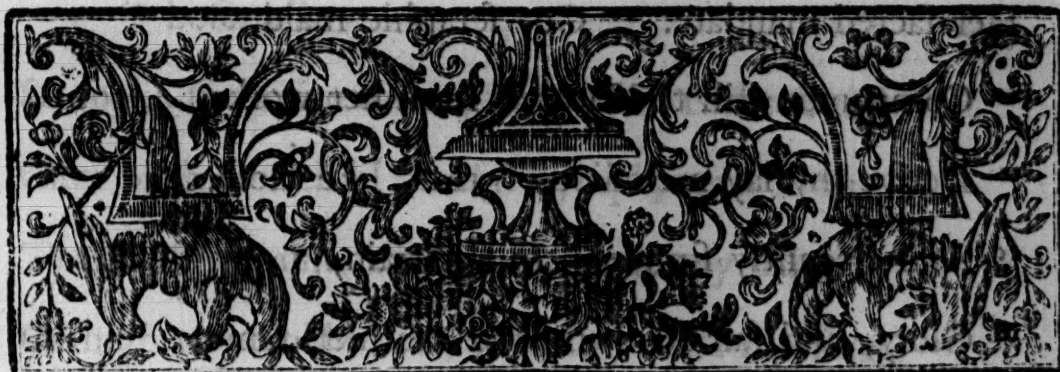
I shall therefore be removed from this high and  
through your favour, delectable situation, I should leave  
it through your liberality, augmented in its emolu-  
ments, and by my inability not diminished in its repu-

tation.



Yours very truly  
T. H. T.





T H E

## V I C E R O Y.

WAS on Time's birth-day, when the voice



divine

Wak'd sleeping Nature, while her infant eye,

Yet trembling, struggled with created light ;

The heaven-born Muse, sprung from the source sublime



Of HARMONY IMMORTAL, first receiv'd

Her sacred mandate. " Go, seraphic maid,

" Companion still to Nature! from her works

" Derive thy lay melodious, great, like those,

" And elegantly simple. In thy train,

" Glory, and fair renown, and deathless fame

" Attendant ever, each immortal name,

" By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault

" Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.

" Be thine the care, alone where truth directs

" The firm heart, where the love of human kind

" Inflames the patriot spirit, there to soothe

" The toils of virtue with melodious praise:

" For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake

" His golden lyre ; for those, the young-ey'd Sun

" Gilds this fair-formed world ; and genial spring

" Throws

“ Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his  
bosom.”

So spake the voice divine, whose last sweet sound  
Gave birth to Echo, tuneful nymph, that loves  
The Muse's haunt, dim grove, or lonely dale,  
Or high wood old ; and, listening while she sings,  
Dwells in long rapture on each falling strain.

O HALIFAX, an humble Muse, that dwells  
In scenes like these, a stranger to the world,  
To thee a stranger, late has learnt thy fame,  
Even in this vale of silence ; from the voice  
Of Echo learnt it, and, like her, delights,  
With thy lov'd name, to make these wild woods vocal.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown  
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,

Atchiev'd



Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! Patriot hearts,  
 That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,  
 Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,  
 Where history triumphs in your holy names,  
 O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,  
 Why streams my eye with pleasure? 'Tis the joy  
 The soft delight that thro' the full breast flows,  
 From sweet remembrance of departed virtue!

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,  
 While o'er thy annals memory shoots her eye,  
 How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,  
 And æmulous esteem! Hail, SYDNEY, hail!  
 Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear,  
 Piping thy love lays wild, or Spartan bold,  
 In freedom's van distinguish'd, SYDNEY, hail!  
 Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unseen



Fall flowers ; oft in the vales of Penshurst fair  
 Menalcas, stepping from his evening fold,  
 Listeneth strange music, from the tiny breath  
 Of fairy minstrels warbled, which of old,  
 Dancing to thy sweet lays, they learned well.

On RALEIGH's grave, O strew the sweetest flowers,  
 That on the bosom of the green vale blow !  
 There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids !  
 Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme bring  
 To RALEIGH's honour'd grave ! There bloom the bay,  
 The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen,  
 Folds its fair leaves ; for modest worth was his.  
 A mind where truth, philosophy's first born,  
 Held her harmonious reign : a Briton's breast,  
 That, careful still of freedom's holy pledge,

E Disdain'd

Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,  
 Disdain'd and died! Where was thy spirit then,  
 Queen of sea-crowning isles, when RALEIGH bled?  
 How well he serv'd thee; let *Iberia* tell!  
 Ask prostrate *Cales*, yet trembling at his name,  
 How well he serv'd thee; when her vanquish'd hand  
 Held forth the base bribe, how he spurn'd it from him,  
 And cried, I FIGHT FOR BRITAIN! History rise,  
 And blast the reigns that redden with the blood  
 Of those that gave them glory! Happier days,  
 Gilt with a BRUNSWICK's parent smile, await  
 The honour'd Viceroy. More auspicious hours  
 Shall HALIFAX behold, nor grieve to find  
 A favour'd land ungrateful to his care.

O for the Muse of Milton, to record  
 The honours of that day, when full conven'd



HIBERNIA's senate with one voice proclaim'd  
 A nation's high applause; when, long oppress'd  
 With wealth-consuming war, their eager love  
 Advanc'd the princely dignity's support,  
 While HALIFAX presid'd! O, belov'd  
 By every muse, grace of the polish'd court,  
 The peasant's guardian, then what pleasure felt  
 Thy liberal bosom! not the low delight  
 Of fortune's added gifts, greatly declin'd;  
 No; 'twas the supreme bliss that fills the breast  
 Of conscious virtue, happy to behold  
 Her cares successful in a nation's joy.

But O, ye sisters of the sacred spring,  
 To sweetest accents tune the polish'd lay,  
 The music of persuasion! You alone

Can paint that easy eloquence that flow'd  
 In Attic streams, from HALIFAX that flow'd  
 When all Ierne listen'd. Albion heard,  
 And felt a parent's joy: no more, she cried,  
 No more shall Greece the man of Athens boast,  
 Whose magic periods smooth'd the listening wave  
 Of rapt Ilyssus. Rome shall claim no more  
 The flowery path of eloquence alone  
 To grace her consul's brow; for never spoke  
 Himeria's Viceroy words of fairer phrase,  
 Forgetful of Alpheus' hastening stream,  
 When Arethusa stop'd her golden tide,  
 And call'd her nymphs, and call'd her shepherd swains  
 To leave their sweet pipes silent. Silent lay  
 Your pipes, Hibernian shepherds. LIFFEY smil'd,  
 And on his soft hand lean'd his dimply cheek,  
 Attentive: "Once so WHARTON spoke," he cried,  
 "Unhappy





" Unhappy WHARTON! whose young eloquence

" Yet vibrates on mine ear." Whatever powers,

Whatever genii old, of vale or grove

The high inhabitants, all throng'd to hear.

SYLVANUS came, and from his temples grey

His oaken chaplet flung, lest haply leaf,

Or interposing bough should meet the sound,

And bar its soft approaches to his ear.

PAN ceas'd to pipe---a moment ceas'd---for then

Suspicion grew, that PHÆBUS in disguise

His ancient reign invaded: down he cast,

In petulance, his reed; but seiz'd it soon

And fill'd the woods with clangor. Measures wild

The wanton Satyrs danc'd, then listening stood,

And gaz'd with uncouth joy.

But hark? wild riots shake the peaceful plain,  
 The gathering tumult roars, and faction opes  
 Her blood-requesting eye. The frightened swain  
 Mourns o'er his wasted labours, and implores  
 His country's guardian. Previous to his wish  
 That guardian's care he found. The tumult ceas'd,  
 And faction clos'd her blood-requesting eye.

Be these thy honours, HALIFAX! and these  
 The liberal muse, that never stain'd her page  
 With flattery, shall record: from each low view,  
 Each mean connection free, her praise is fame.  
 O, could her hand in future times obtain  
 One humble garland from th' Aonian tree,  
 With joy she'd bind it on thy favour'd head,  
 And greet thy judging ear with sweeter strains!

Mean



Mean while pursue, in public virtue's path,  
 The palm of glory: only there will bloom  
 Pierian laurels. Should'st thou deviate thence,  
 Perish the blossoms of fair-folding fame!  
 Even this poor wreath, that now affects thy brow,  
 Would lose its little bloom, the muse repine,  
 And blush that HALIFAX had stole her praise.

11:7:49

*The E N D.*



Mean while pursue, in public virtue's path,  
 The palm of glory: only there will bloom  
 Pictian laurels. Shouldst thou deviate thence,  
 Perish the blossoms of fair-folding time!  
 Even this poor wreath, that now adorns thy brow,  
 Would lose its little bloom, the mule-trooping  
 And blurs that I have had sole her prize.

THE E. W. D.

